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THURSDAY, OCTOBER 14, 1909.

WELCOME TO MR. FORBES.

Mr. Forbes, the bird-man, is welcome to our city. We shall not offer him the keys of the city-gates, because in the first place, we have no keys or city-gates, and in the second place he would have no use for them if we had. Men of his astonishing gifts know tricks of getting into cities worth two of that. But we welcome him cordially, trust him absolutely in the matter of bombs, and regret sincerely that his stay with us must be so brief.

The startling flight which ended near Richmond soon after noon yesterday was not, of course, the longest man-journey in the air that has ever been made. Count Zeppelin, in his dirigible, went further before he collided with his famous pear-tree. At the Paris Exposition, nine years ago this month, Jacques Balsan sailed, or drifted, 843 miles, and Count de la Vaulx made his record distance of 1,193 miles. In this country, two years ago, Oscar Erbsloh, also starting from St. Louis, covered 837 miles before alighting. But Mr. Forbes's flight ending yesterday will be memorable for two reasons. It was the longest flight ever made in competition for the Lahm cup, and it was made at a speed unequaled for a long flight in the history of aeronautics. His clip was thirty-eight miles an hour, the rate of a fast express train. De la Vaulx's speed in the flight noted above was less than thirty-three miles an hour. Mr. Forbes has performed the amazing feat of rising in the air at St. Louis at half-past 8 at night and descending practically in Richmond at 12:45 the next day.

The Forbes balloon is not a dirigible. Sailing flights such as this add little to the progress of the attack upon the air. The future of aeronautics is clearly with the heavier-than-air machines. But for all that a dashing air-journey of these proportions invites the imagination to play awhile and convincingly shows that the big gas-bag is by no means to be slighted or despised.

THE REAPPEARING RED MAN

Matter of fact statistics from the Census Bureau have shattered another cherished American myth. According to these destroyers of romance, the American Indians, instead of being headed for early extinction, are actually multiplying at a very satisfactory rate. Picturesque immaginations can no longer depict the proud red man as fading away in the sunset to join the vanished races of the earth.

While this is a blow to romance, it is an interesting sociological discovery. Previous calculations and assured estimates have alike been upset. Accepting the current belief that there were about 500,000 Indians in the United States at the time of the discovery, every estimate has shown a consistent decrease in their numbers. Jedediah Morse thought that the number was about 471,000 in 1822, and the census of 1850 enumerated 400,764. By 1880 the number had declined to 306,543, and by the last census only 266,760 Indians could be found from the Atlantic to the Pacific. When, a few years ago, tuberculosis appeared among the Indians, with a mortality three times as great as that among whites, medical experts did not hesitate to declare that the extermination of the red men was at hand. Yet now we are told that their numbers have increased to over 300,000, a gain of 35,000 since the last census. This figure the Census Bureau vouches for, declaring that it is no office-made surmise. Only a careful and detailed study by experts can determine the cause for the really remarkable change. At the same time, the progress of agriculture among certain tribes has doubtless been a potential factor in lowering the death rate. Away from the reservations, where indolence, drunkenness and crime were almost universal, the Indians are regaining their inherited strength. In addition, it is likely that the young braves educated under the modern system have carried back to their homes the white man's rules of health. However much the older natives might despise their conquerors, they have learned to take his medicine.

Were the Indians any other nation, the large bounty given them by the government might be a factor in prolonging life. On the principle that annuitants never die, these pensioners, who annually receive more than $9,000,000 in money and provisions, should live long and happily. But actual results have shown that this was not the case. Government aid injured rather than aided. It opened an easy road to idleness and gave ready means for dissipation.

THE UNRULY MEMBER.

However unjustly, however undeservedly, there can be no doubt anywhere that it was Charles R. Crane's tongue that got him into trouble. Mr. Taft's reported command to "let them have it red hot" is clearly in conflict with the usual rules of diplomacy, where a tight rein on the unruly member is commonly the first regulation. Disregard of this rule, no matter what the circumstances, has often enough led to the diplomat's undoing.

Too much chatting in London boudoirs cost John Lothrop Motley the English embassy. A fondness for interfering with matters outside his own bailiwick brought Bellamy Storer back from Vienna, under the wrath of Roosevelt. The second American Secretary of State, Edmund Randolph, by indiscreet intimacy with the French minister, gave a precedent which all diplomats should avoid.

If Mr. Crane was to lose his head, it was well enough that it should have been at the instance of his own country. If his alleged indiscretion had taken place in China, and was as bad as Secretary Knox would have us believe, China would presumably have demanded his recall, and America would have had no choice about granting it. This country could not consistently complain against a principle it has consistently followed from the earliest days of American diplomacy. Indiscreet conduct made Washington demand Genet's recall in 1793, and led Madison to send Jackson back to St. James in 1809. Pussin's return was requested in 1849, and Crampton was given his passports in 1856. As late as 1871 the State Department refused intercourse with Catacazy, the Russian minister, because the latter talked diplomacy in the drawing-room.

Aside from all the curious and sensational features of the Crane case, the incident suggests once more the need of a trained diplomatic service in this country, through which men rise by gradations to the higher places. Mr. Crane was selected for his post from a large field, was with difficulty induced to accept it, and was regarded by Mr. Taft as the ideal man for the place. Yet because he lacked technical knowledge of how to say nothing with a vast air, knowledge which the very cautious Mr. Knox seems to have taken rather too much for granted, and which any well-informed under-secretary has in wholesale quantities, he has come a cropper before he even received his credentials.

AS TO THE "LIBEL" CASE.

With due respect we venture to suggest that the News Leader has misconceived the point in the government's so-called libel suit against a newspaper in Indianapolis. It would be hard to find anybody who would not instantly agree that "the law ought to protect the character of the citizen from violent and unprovoked assault." Whether the assault in this case was slanderous or not was, of course, properly a matter for the court to determine, and if Mr. Roosevelt and his friends had personally sought an opinion on this point through the usual channels, their efforts would certainly have elicited no ridicule from this paper.

But this is just what Mr. Roosevelt did not do. In the first place, he sought to use the machinery and the enormous prestige of the United States government—which cannot itself be libeled—to enforce the grievances of Charles Taft, William Nelson Cromwell, Pierpont Morgan, Theodore Roosevelt and other individuals. In the second place, he endeavored to haul the defendants to Washington for trial, under the highly fanciful and dangerous plea that the wrong was committed there, since some copies of the newspapers were circulated in the District. It was this last point, apart from all the bluster and exaggerated fury, that made the suit ridiculous, and made it a matter of great public importance that it should fail; and it was strictly on this point that Judge Anderson threw the proceedings out of court. The suit in Indianapolis, it should be carefully noted, was not upon the merits of the alleged libel at all. It was simply to determine whether or not the proprietor of the Indianapolis News, Mr. Delavan Smith, could be dragged to Washington for trial, and we consider it an extremely fortunate thing that it was dismissed.

The glowing predictions of Harry F. Byrd, of Winchester, in regard to the future of apple-growing in the Valley are justified. The soil, the climate and present experiences fully sustain them. Mr. Byrd looks forward to a crop worth $15,000,000 before many years, and to land values touching the record mark of $2,000 per acre, reached in Washington State. He cites the case of a Valley grower who picked from a single acre 403 barrels of apples, which he sold for $1,600. Here is a fact that would certainly advertise handsomely. Why don't our Virginia fruit-growers organize and let the people of the overcrowded Middle West know such facts as these? It is interesting to note in this connection that the proprietors of an agency for Virginia farms in Toledo have decided to shake the Ohio dust from their feet and come on here themselves. Evidently they grew tired of passing all the good things on to others. We bid them welcome and assure them that there is no State in the Union in which they can invest their money just now to better advantage.

The esteemed Newport News Times-Herald devotes two columns of its valuable space to an attempt to show that the industrial editor of The Times-Dispatch has been advocating ship subsidies, and entirely fails to do so. If it had succeeded it would have done nothing but establish the personal views of the industrial editor, whose articles appear under his own name; but it happens not to have succeeded even in this. Nothing in the long quotations that it cites shows or even suggests that the gentleman in question advocates a governmental ship subsidy policy. Thus we fail to grasp the true inwardness of all the excitement. Our contemporary concludes its disquisition with the solemn warning that "those who oppose it [the subsidy] so lustily should at least offer some practicable plan for meeting a national emergency." We might well question the soundness of this statement, but let that pass. Is it possible that our well-informed contemporary is unaware that those who oppose it have done so until they are weary and hoarse? The plan of building up our merchant marine by admitting all shipbuilding materials duty free and allowing American registry to all American-owned ships has been proposed a thousand times, and this plan strikes us as eminently "practicable."

A Roanoke correspondent has given currency to a lot of scandalous gossip about the recent local option election in that city. He charges among other things that the negro vote was freely bought and sold, and that wet Democrats pledged votes for Kent, on the ratio of 4 to 1, in exchange for Republican votes for license. What evidence, if any, can be adduced to support these startling statements, and what are the affiliations and sympathies of the correspondent, we do not know. But we cannot imagine that the evidence is strong, since the Anti-Saloon League is usually ready enough to go to court when it believes that it has the outlines of a case. Charges of this sort are altogether too serious to be bandied about on mere surmise or vague suspicion, and those responsible for starting them should be promptly called upon for proof or retraction.

The District of Columbia, the very point of origin of the Fifteenth Amendment, has excluded from a white school a little girl suspected of having a trace of negro blood in her veins. Tempus, as some clever thinker remarked, certainly does fugit.

Mr. Knox can hardly forbear wishing that it had been his lot to fire a gentle-mannered man like "my dear Bellamy."

Edwin Ginn, the Boston publisher, who desires to give $1,000,000 to promote the world's peace, will kindly forward $500,000 to the United States State Department to-day, C. Q. D.

Heavy frost is now reported in the Northwest. We understood that it had been there ever since Mr. Taft made his Winona speech.

The season is fast approaching when the radiators, after a perfectly healthful and restful summer, suddenly become sore and throw up the job.

Mr. Crane has declined to learn the great lesson that diplomats must die quietly.

Revise the proof, Mr. Peary.

"Most of the jokes," says the Washington Herald, reprovingly, "made at the expense of Mark Twain's new son-in-law, Gabrilowitsch, are not very funny." Well, neither is Mark Twain's new son-in-law, Gabrilowitsch.

Our local branch of little research workers notifies us that the State Board of Education is trying to induce Itookashoo and Ahpelah to come and teach geography and map-drawing in the Virginia schools.

Seventeen more duplicates of yesterday, please, October.

Only the mollycoddles are thinking about putting 'em on yet awhile.

To a very large circle of excellent people, Wilhelm Richard Wagner is chiefly distinguished as having the same family name as Hans.

We never knew a milliner's delivery boy who could talk of the prevailing styles without jeopardizing a blood vessel.

RAISED IN THE COUNTRY.

Statistics Show Majority of Great Men Are Rural Born.

Last spring W. J. Spillman, of the United States Department of Agriculture, set forth at some length in Science his reasons for believing that the country boy gets a better start in life than the city boy. For a long time this was generally assumed to be so obvious as to call for no discussion. But in recent years champions of city breeding have arisen and made out a very good case for their side of the argument. In a recent issue of the same journal Mr. Spillman brings forward some new and rather interesting data in support of his conclusions. Some of it is explained in the following table:

Class of men.	Per cent. from country.
Presidents (U. S.)	92
Governors	91.2
Cabinet officers	83.9
Railway presidents	55.4
Congressmen	64
Senators	70.6

Among the replies to his letters of inquiries, those from railway presidents seem to be of unusual interest. President Lucius Tuttle, of the Boston and Maine, wrote: "The farm boy learns methods of economy and the value of money. He is a part of the business machinery of the farm. The city boy as a rule has no connection with his father's business and knows little about it." President Hill, of the Great Northern, says: "I am living on a farm at some personal inconvenience in order to give my three boys a good start in life." President White, of the Richmond, Fredericksburg and Potomac, thinks that farm training develops independence, self-reliance and the spirit of achievement.

It is this last feature of farm life—its promotion of independence and self-reliance in the boy—upon which Mr. Spillman chiefly bases his belief in its mental value.—New York Press.

THE CAR SHORTAGE.

Movement of Crops Has Wiped Out Surplus Transportation.

About a year ago there were 400,000 freight cars standing idle on railway sidetracks. Now there is a shortage reported in several lines of traffic. According to the semi-monthly statement of the car efficiency committee of the American Railway Association, the actual car surplusage has been reduced to 53,388 cars, one-third fewer than two weeks before. Even against these figures is the offset of small shortage mentioned aggregating 14,58 cars. The available cars, therefore, are few and the surplus is smaller than at any time since the beginning of the period of depression in 1907. Even this is likely to be wiped out within the next few weeks, so that the railroads are facing what may be a severe car shortage. Those which have cars in reserve are holding them for their own use later, so that they are not willing to help out the ones where shortage already exists in fact.

A report like this shows that business has caught up with the railroads again and threatens to swamp them soon despite the appeals to car manufacturers to rush orders for new equipment and to the repair shop foremen to hurry work on "bad order" cars. The situation in the car line is a pretty good business barometer. The impending car shortage may cause some inconvenience, particularly as coal cars are reported needed in several sections, but it tells of a total railway tonnage for the year that will be eminently satisfactory and of a general prosperity that means contentment and happiness for thousands of families.—Chicago Tribune.

Borrowed Jingles

THE RUBAIYAT OF DISCOVERY.

Wake! for the sun is getting into sight
After six dismal months of Arctic night;
Out of the ice igloo he pokes his head,
At last the mushing to the Pole is right.

A box of pemmican to serve for chow,
Gumdrops and huskies, Eskimos and thou
Beside me sledging in the wilderness—
Oh, wilderness were paradise enow.

The Cook or Peary throw a verbal fit,
Neither shall frighten me a little bit;
I'll plaster all the Pole with copyrights
And then come back and make an awful hit.

No hope by throwing bricks to take the prize;
The useful Pole itself is just my size.
My story of its capture shall be truth,
What other fellows say will all be lies.

The world should wait until it hears from me,
Chuckling the while with comprehending glee
At the poor yarns that Cook and Peary tell,
While Omar dines on musk ox and green tea.

I would not leave the wine jug for the floes,
Where frosts will grow familiar with my nose,
Save that my polar dope will be immense—
He will concede this who great Omar knows.
—Chicago News.

MERELY JOKING.

Out of the Question.

"So he refused to let you marry his daughter?"

"No; but he imposed conditions that I cannot comply with."

"What were they?"

"Said I'd have to go to work first."—Pittsburg Post.

The Modern Version.

"I am training my boy to be self-reliant."

"Want him to be able to paddle his own canoe, eh?"

"Well, I want him to be able to operate his own motor-boat."—Kansas City Journal.

Cheap Hospitality.

"When I know a friend is on the water-wagon I don't urge him to have a drink."

"Neither do I. I invite him to a wine supper. Nothing like being lavish when they're not going to call you."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Tough Cases.

Farmer Smallseed: "Listen to this, Elviry. This paper says that they have found in Italian prisons the petrified remains of some of the prisoners."

His Wife: "Do tell! Them mus' be them hardened criminals we hear about."—Harper's Weekly.

His View of Life.

"Do you get out of life all there is in it?" inquired the optimist.

"Naw," replied the pessimist. "There's plenty of money in circulation that I can't seem to annex."—Houston Chronicle.

Good Copy.

"I'll give ye two a week," said the country merchant.

"I can't live on less than four," declared the ambitious boy.

"Ye don't know what ye can do till ye try, John. Try it on two for a while. It will make better reading for your biography when ye git rich."—Washington Herald.

MENTIONED IN PASSING.

A NEW YORK preacher proclaims from the pulpit that old age begins at forty-five. His own age is not stated, but it is immaterial. Dotage may begin at any time.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

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"It never rains but it pours." In addition to Governor Comer and near-prohibition, the boll weevil has invaded Alabama.—Washington Herald.

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America is a nation of dreamers, says Lord Northcliffe And notice how our dreams have a habit of coming true!—Cleveland Leader.

* * *

George Cohan's near-play, "Running for Office," is moribund. But William Randolph Hearst's problem play, "Running Forever," seems likely to survive the shock of any amount of unpopularity. It is great to be able to be able to be your own angel.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

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The Cook-Peary controversy may never be ended; but, happily, there is no compulsion on anybody to keep agitated about it for an indefinite period.—Providence Journal.

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The Spaniards are beginning to build block houses and military railroads in Morocco, indicating that it will probably be some time before the next announcement that the war is over.—Columbia State.

THE CHICAGO FIRE.

Anniversary of Disaster Recalls Story of How It Spread.

Thirty-seven years ago to-day Mrs. Moriarity's cow kicked over the lamp that set fire to Chicago. Before the fire had been checked more than 18,000 houses had been destroyed, entailing a loss of over $250,000,000 and causing more than 100 fatalities.

With those on the inside, it has been an open secret for many years that the fire was the result of a terrible error in judgment on the part of the authorities. The fire started in West Canal Street, in what was then the most lawless part of the city. The houses, which were old, were connected by underground passages and other means of communication unknown as to their details to the police. When a criminal was so fortunate as to gain the refuge of one of these houses he could rest in comparative security.

When the fire started it seemed too good an opportunity to let pass, and the word was quietly passed to the firemen to make a bluff fight until the dive district was wiped out. Unfortunately a fierce wind arose, the water supply failed and the fire got beyond control. It burned for more than three days before it was finally conquered.

There can be no question but that the authorities did wrong when they allowed the fire to burn, although they were doing what they thought would be for the best interests of the city. It was their duty to extinguish the fire as soon as possible. They had no right, moral or legal, to pursue the course they did. Yet it is an everyday event in the lives of most people to be cognizant of some wrongful act being performed that good may result. And it never works out well in the end.—Cincinnati Commercial-Tribune.

REDUCTION OF ARMAMENTS.

Both England and Germany See Menace of Shipbuilding.

There is an International Peace Conference in session at Brussels. The telegram states that among those who spoke were English and German delegates who favored a rapprochement between their countries and a reduction of armaments.

That conference represents public sentiment better than any Reichstag, Parliament or Congress. It represents the labor, the conscience and the moral purpose of all lands, and it is going to win its way. The governments are acting like a lot of stubborn boys. They are disgusting public sentiment by their reckless unconcern. Here, our government might be doing something, but it is just insisting on automobiling, ballooning and having a good time. The people are getting tired of this.

We see that Colonel Vance, the president of the Ohio River Improvement Association, wants $60,000,000 to put that noble stream in permanent navigable condition. Why doesn't he get it? Because the money is needed for a navy. There are other great national enterprises from which the people would derive untold benefit, but they can't have them, because the navy needs the money. And yet, there are no signs of war, we don't want any war, and we are not going to have any war. Public opinion is getting to the point where it will insist on this nation being civilized, and Presidents and Congresses should take notice.—Ohio State Journal.

MISS DE BILLIER MAY BE PEERESS

Only One Life Between Hon. Victor Gibson and Title of Ashbourne.

HAS REVIVED IRISH DRESS

Wears Gaelic Tartan and Kilt—Would Have Ancient Customs Recalled.

BY LA MARQUISE DE FONTENOY.

As Victor Gibson's elder brother, Edward, has only one little boy, Miss Caroline de Billier, daughter of Mrs. Frederick de Billier, of New York, whose engagement to the Hon. Victor has just been announced by cable from London, has a very fair chance of becoming a peeress of the realm. For her fiance is the youngest son of Lord Ashbourne, who hails from Tipperary, and obtained his peerage a quarter of a century ago for his services as Lord Chancellor of Ireland.

William Gibson, his father, had a beautiful place known as Rockforest, in Tipperary, and combined the functions of a landed magnate and country gentleman with those of a particularly wide-awake lawyer in Dublin. While Rockforest went to old William Gibson's eldest son, Lord Ashbourne inherited the fine old family mansion in Merrion Square and his father's legal acumen. Indeed, so renowned was he, even when at college, for the possession of an eye for the main chance, that he used to go by the nickname of "the judicious Hooker." Lord Ashbourne's snow-white hair, which contrasts so picturesquely with his flashing dark eyes, cannot be regarded as a sign of age, although he is seventy-two years old. For it had already assumed its silvery hue when he was thirty, which led to his being nicknamed by a brother barrister "Gibson's premature autumn." He has a winning, offhand manner, and the tones of his voice, though very deep, are pleasing and sympathetic. He is one of the pillars of the Conservative party, and one of the most ardent of Anti-Home Rulers, being always ready, and, in fact, spoiling for a fight about this issue.

Possessed of all the national love of a shindy, especially in politics, neither Lord Ashbourne nor his sons can be described as conciliatory people, and under the circumstances the peculiar decorations of the entrance hall of his old family mansion in Merrion Square, Dublin, the walls of which are entirely covered with swords, muskets, pistols, blunderbusses, and other less civilized weapons, must be regarded as peculiarly appropriate. Merrion Square, I may add, is the square that was constituted by the palatial town residences of the old Irish aristocracy, in the days when they were compelled to spend a portion of the year in Dublin, in order to attend the sessions of Ireland's Parliament, prior to the Union.

Devoted to Things Irish.

The Hon. Victor Gibson, that is to say, the fiance of Miss Caroline de Billier, is, like his father and grandfather before him, a member of the legal profession, but did some soldiering during the Boer War, in which he distinguished himself. His eldest brother, William, although, like his father, a Tory of the most pronounced description, is nevertheless more enthusiastically and more passionately devoted to everything Irish, especially to all the old customs and traditions of the Emerald Isle, than any other son of Erin. To him, indeed, belongs the credit of having been one of the originators of the Gaelic movement, which may be described as a revolt of the Hibernian mind against almost all that has happened in Ireland since the date of the treaty of Limerick, and as an endeavor to revive everything pertaining to the Erin of olden times.

Among other interesting forms of this revival has been that of dress, and the Hon. William Gibson has devoted much trouble and money to researches bearing on the subject, in the belief that the recalling into existence of the distinctive Irish garb of long ago will accomplish the same result as the revention of the kilt and tartan in the Highlands of Scotland, in keeping alive the Scottish national sentiment.

Few people nowadays are aware that the kilt was in olden days a distinctive article of dress, not only of the Scotch, but also of the Irish. Although the Highlanders were forbidden for a time, during the Jacobite insurrections, to don the kilt, yet on the whole they were much less molested in this respect than the Irish, and consequently have never really ceased to wear their distinctive costume. But Henry VIII., with the object of stamping out every vestige of nationalism among the opponents of his rule in Ireland, enacted a number of penal statutes providing dire punishment for any Irish patriot who should venture to adhere to the style of dress of his forefathers. It is these same statutes, which carefully and elaborately enumerated every article of Hibernian raiment forbidden by the crown and Parliament, that have by an irony of fate served the Hon. William Gibson and his associates in their efforts to reconstitute and revive the old Irish garb. The men's dress is extremely picturesque, and while William Gibson has never succeeded in persuading his father, Lord Ashbourne, to don it with his robes of state at any official function, he himself and his brothers have frequently appeared therein, not only at Gaelic entertainments and meetings, but likewise in society at Dublin.

$250,000 to Private Secretary.

Fifty thousand dollars and his mansion on the Chelsea Embankment in London, with all its contents, representing $250,000 more, constitute the bequest of the late Marquis of Ripon to Frederick Simpson St. Quentin, who had lived with him for the last sixteen years of his life in the capacity of private secretary. Nor is there any likelihood of this singularly generous recognition of unselfish devotion and conscientious loyalty on the part of a private secretary towards his employer being contested by the late Lord Ripon's only son, the present marquis. For he has always been particularly warm in his expressions of appreciation of the usefulness of St. Quentin to his father and mother. Moreover, the fortune which he has inherited from his parents is so very great that not even this large legacy to St. Quentin will in any way impoverish him.

The legacy serves once more to call attention to the very important role which the private secretary plays in official and even in private life in England. There is not a statesman of any prominence during the last half-century, nor any peer in public life, who has not served his apprenticeship as private secretary. The latter, in England, is always chosen from the same social grade and circle as that of his employer. Consequently, he is in full sympathy and understanding with the views, the prejudices, the tastes, and ethics of his chief, and is thus able to render him far more efficient service than if taken from an inferior class of society. Here in America there is always a tendency to reduce the role of private secretary to that of mere stenographer. The person to suffer from this is not so much the private secretary as the employer, who naturally does not get the same efficiency of service, for the reason that he is neither in complete touch nor in sympathetic understanding with his alter ego.

Much Taxed Servians.

It is amazing that the Servians should not have long ere this dispensed with monarchy, and established a republic. For they are compelled to pay, not only to keep their royalty in the country, but also to keep it outside of the kingdom. Thus, when Milan abdicated in favor of his son, the late King Alexander, the Servians were compelled to grant a large annuity to their ex-ruler, in order to insure his residence abroad, and to prevent him from interfering in the government of the kingdom. Moreover, whenever he was hard up, which, owing to his extravagances at cards, happened frequently, he would return from Paris to Belgrade, and decline to leave, unless his liabilities were settled and a sum down in cash were accorded to him.

And now very much the same thing is happening with the ex-Crown Prince of Servia. He has surrendered his rights of succession to the throne to his younger brother. But he absolutely refuses to leave the country where he has developed into a source of a great unrest and disturbance, until all his debts are paid, and he receives an allowance suitable to his rank. As his pretensions are of the most extravagant character, and as, moreover, the Servian treasury is almost empty, there is considerable difficulty about complying with his demands, and in order to hasten matters, the ex-Crown Prince is busily engaged in making just as much trouble as he can, so as to induce the King and government to be willing to pay anything in order to get rid of him quickly.

STATE PRESS

Purchases for the High School.

What we want to know is why does the State Board of Education make a contract for all school supplies with one company that seems to buy from factories, just as the board could do, and then, when an attempt is made to defraud the responsibility rests with an alien company, and the one with whom the contract is made for "all supplies" has nothing to do with it? What is the use or sense of having a middle firm or corporation to do the buying when the board could buy direct from the factories under competitive bids? What does the State pay the Virginia School Supply Company for doing the buying for it of "all school supplies," and on what basis of profit does this company buy from the factory and sell to the State, and why, if it had the contract for these chairs, was it not responsible for the delivery of the kind it bought for the board?—Norfolk Ledger-Dispatch.

Our Building Boom.

It is as surprising as it is gratifying to learn that Richmond, in proportion to its population, led all other cities in the country in the matter of building operations during the past year. Probably few people in the Virginia capital itself suspected that their city was on such a boom; certainly no one outside of the capital suspected it. It seems that Richmond must have gone to sleep over the advertising job while engaged in all of this building. If Norfolk had made such a record the fact would have been known from Maine to California and from Alaska to Florida long before the year was up.—Newport News Press.

Let the Republicans Compare.

The people of Virginia are sufficiently interested in Republican management of other States to draw a comparison between those States and Virginia, and, as Judge Mann and Governor Swanson have both forcibly and clearly pointed out, the comparison redounds to the good of Virginia, and shows that no State in this Union has had its affairs administered with more ability, with more progress, and with cleaner hands than has Virginia under Democratic rule. Mr. Kent is welcome to confine himself to discuss the issues of Virginia if he desires to do so. He and his advisers have gone over the Democratic record with a fine-tooth comb, and the result of their investigation has not been encouraging to them. They have been unable to specify a single instance of mismanagement. Their loose charges have been completely riddled by the able speeches of Judge Mann, Governor Swanson and other speakers.—Clifton Forge Review.

Progress for Commission Government.

The defects in our present municipal governments need to be rendered, and the cities should have the privilege, under proper legal restraints, of choosing, each for itself, its own chosen form of government. This sentiment for a change is growing all over the country. Some of those who have opposed a change, because the present system best meets their selfish purposes, are beginning to see the handwriting on the wall, and seem eager now to get on the wagon of reform because they want to run with the crowd, or to be in the swim. Let the local delegates get together promptly and make all necessary arrangements for the convention.—Roanoke Evening World.

The Tax on the Doctors.

Report comes from Richmond that physicians of the State are to renew their fight before the next General Assembly against the payment of the license tax by physicians. The tax is very small, the average being $10 a year. They claim that the license is unfair and unjust, in that it is a tax on them for making a living. They also contend that they do the State a very great service and do a vast amount of charity work that would fall on the State if they did not attend poor people, who would otherwise become a charge on the State. Their arguments are not good. No one cares to pay taxes, but next to death they are the most certain. All citizens are expected to pay their share toward the support of the government. If physicians are exempt, why not lawyers, why not merchants? These, too, do their share of charity work. Taxes must be paid by all, and no one less should be exempt.—Alexandria Gazette.

Republican Silence and Insincerity.

Certain questions have been asked Mr. Kent time and time again by the newspapers of the State, but he has not answered them. Among them is the question as to what he would do with a bill to submit the issue of State-wide prohibition to a vote of the people, if he should be elected and the Legislature should pass such a bill. He could easily answer that question by saying that he would veto such a measure, or that he would approve it; and so he would answer, if he wished to deal firmly with this issue and frankly with the public. Yet the Republican politicians and newspapers have undertaken to make the people believe that firmness and frankness are Mr. Kent's distinguishing characteristics—that he is, in fact, notoriously frank and firm. Evidently these politicians and newspapers have not read up on the meaning of these words, or they do not think public intelligence in Virginia is of a very high order.—Bristol Herald-Courier.

Voice of the People.

Real Commission Government.

Editor of The Times-Dispatch:

Sir,—I wish to indorse your editorial in this morning's paper on "Commission Form of Government: In Form and in Fact." Let us have the commission form, but let it be the real thing, not a halfway measure. We want to abolish altogether the present City Council, which has universally failed to govern American cities, and we do not wish its ghost around to frighten the commissioners which we are to have.

The writer has not had opportunity to look up the question of the constitutionality of the plan proposed by Mr. Purdie, but in any case agrees with you that we want not "pseudo-commission," but "real commission government." Not more division of authority and less centralized responsibility, but more unity and responsibility in city management are the desiderata. Nor do we wish a commission form of government that for lack of strong constitutional basis is constantly troubled by doubts as to its powers, ever in danger of legislative change, or in the turmoil of litigation; but we must have one that is clearly defined and permanently fixed by the Constitution.

The writer has just returned from a residence of several years in the Middle and Southwest, and has heard much of the efforts to correct the evils of city administration. Thoughtful men everywhere have long been convinced that the American city is the signal failure of American democracy. In the city, more than anywhere else, extravagance, corruption and business stupidity have been conspicuous—here where there is most business ability and the greatest need for efficiency in administration. Unable to secure a general excellence of city government, we fall into the methods now obtaining where business aims to gain by illegitimate means protection from spoliation and special favors from salable city councillors. But the truth is dawning that there is a better way to strike at the root of the matter—lack of centralization, too many elections, too many elective officers. One result of the dawning of this truth is the present demand for the commission form of government—a movement which, because of several remarkable successes, may almost be said to have passed the experimental stage. It at least points out the direction whither we may turn for some relief from the disgraceful condition of city government in America. Virginia is to be congratulated on being awake to the problem and the solution, and the Virginia League of Municipalities and The Times-Dispatch are to be commended for their zeal in endeavoring to secure this important reform.

D. R. ANDERSON.
Richmond College, October 12, 1909.

Mr. Shelton Makes Statement.

Editor of The Times-Dispatch:

Sir,—A dozen corrections of your morning article regarding the joint discussion between Hon. Rosewell Page and Hon. Wm. A. Jones, representing the Democrats, and myself, representing the Republicans, which took place yesterday at Rowling Green, would not make said article speak the truth, but I will only bother you to correct one statement. The article quotes me as saying that Virginia has had only two respectable Governors since the war—O'Ferrall and Montague. I did not say this, and no one in the audience heard me say so except your reporter. I said that from the standpoint of ability and broad statesmanship O'Ferrall and Montague were the only Democratic Governors worthy to fill that high position; that the one died an alien to so-called Democracy because he refused to swallow 18 to 1, and the other has been read out of party activity because he refused to bow to the "machine." As to your editorial, entitled "Exit, Mr. Shelton," I have only to say that doubtless your editor heard the discussion, and therefore the thought therein expressed is the child of that unhappy union—wish and fear. But, Mr. Editor, you will be disappointed.

Yours truly,
JAS. L. SHELTON.
October 12, 1909.

Bars Fitzhugh Lee.

Editor of The Times-Dispatch:

Sir,—In further reply to your telegram in the matter of Mr. Shelton's speech here on last Monday, I will say that it is the general impression here that Mr. Shelton used the words as reported; that he included Mr. Montague in the list in his closing speech, when it was suggested to him by some one in the audience, and at the same time Mr. Page, who was on the stand, suggested the name of Fitzhugh Lee, and Mr. Shelton said: "No, I refuse to amend my list any further." The report in The Times-Dispatch was a conservative and mild one. The intelligent people here who heard his speech say that the account was a faithful one, and I can get affidavits from a number of people that it was a fair report. Rosewell Page was on the stand, and B. Cary Nelson, of Richmond, and Mr. Monday, of Richmond, whose son is secretary to Governor Swanson, was also present. If you want any affidavits as to the fairness of the article, then I can get them and send them to you.

T. C. VALENTINE.
Correspondent.
Bowling Green, October 13.

AGAIN, MRS. EDDY.

Inquisitive Reporter Did Not See Christian Science Leader.

Last week a reporter for the Boston Post called on Adam H. Dickey, "personal guardian, closest friend and personal secretary" of Mrs. Mary Baker G. Eddy, to find out whether or not she is really dead. He had a very pleasant time with Brother Dickey, and tells an interesting story about what Dickey said to him, and how Dickey took him all over the house, showed him the parlor, the dining-room, with the table set for six persons; the cellar, where the coal is kept, and other more or less important and attractive features of the Vatican, so to say, of the Christian Science world. It was all very nice and very conclusive as far as it went, but it did not go quite far enough. Mrs. Eddy was up-stairs, according to Brother Dickey; but was she? The reporter did not see her, nor did he hear her voice, nor come nearer to her than her personal secretary permitted. That is where Brother Dickey made a mistake, and all the rest of the sleuthing of the reporter was vain and worse than vain, because he did not see what he went out to see. The Christian Scientists are a queer lot.

Would Brother Farlow or Brother Dickey allow us to see Mrs. Eddy if we should seek an audience with her? Wouldn't she be willing to receive a resident from her old home in Charleston? What a story we could write about her if we could only pass all the guards. Talk about Dr. Cook and Commander Peary and Matt Henson and their discovery of the North Pole! That would be nothing compared to a heart-to-heart talk with the equator of the Christian Science world. Besides, everybody would believe us—that is to say, everybody who is anybody; and as for the rest, it wouldn't matter what they might say or think. The Boston Post has told an interesting enough story in a way; but it stops short of what the representative of the Post tried to find out. Bother Brother Dickey and the dining-room and the parlor and the coal cellar. Why didn't he see and talk to the high priestess of the new faith? That is what we should like to do in a wholly unbelieving but perfectly friendly state of mind. If we couldn't go in person we should like to send one of our bright young men who is on good terms with mysterious things and likes nothing so much as a seance with the invisible.—Charleston News and Courier.